



THE WALKING DEAD

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KIRKMAN • ADLARD • RATHBURN

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IMAGE COMICS PRESENTS

THE WALKING DEAD™

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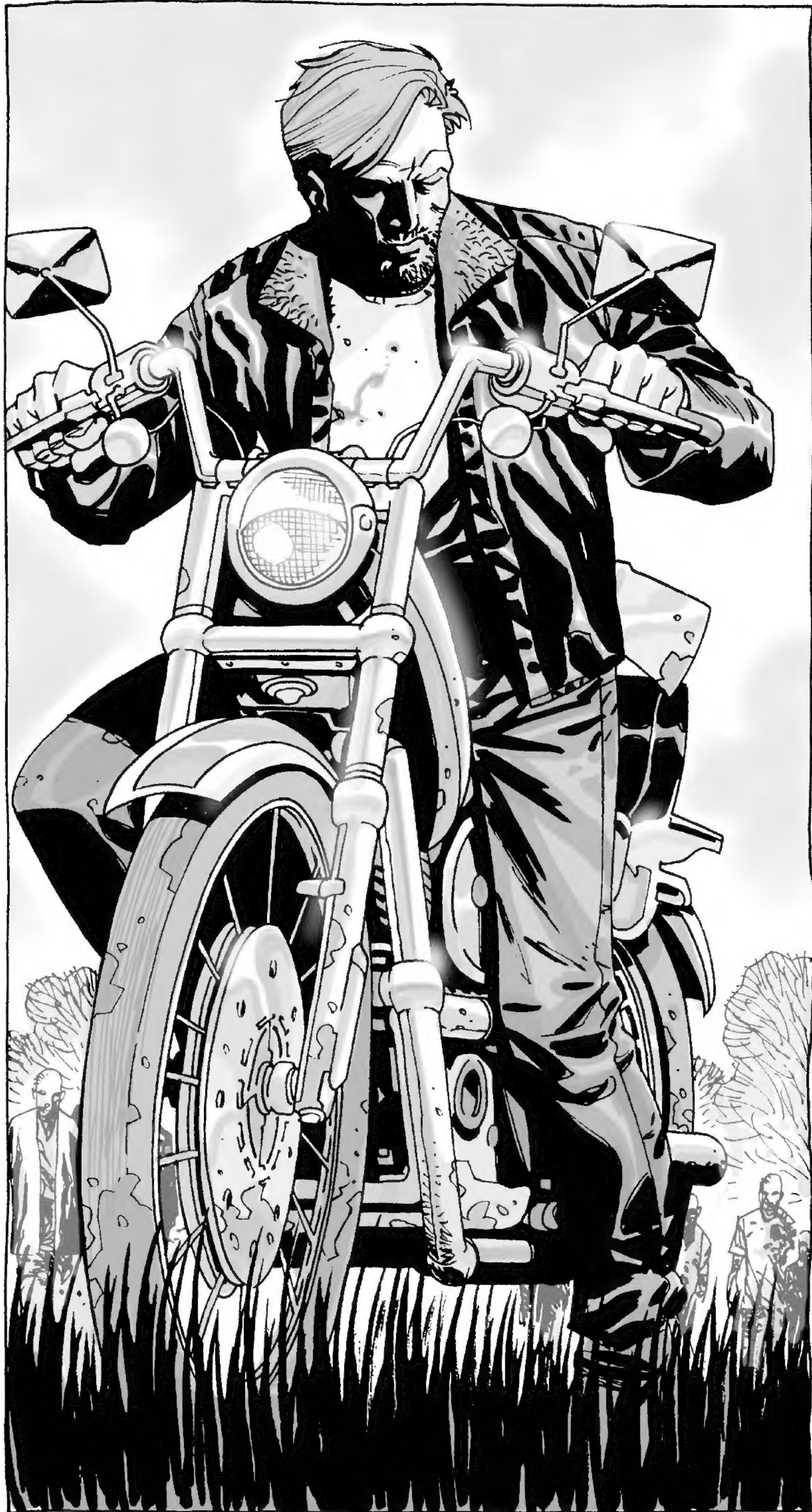
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TYREESE!!

ANDREA,
NO!

GLENN,
GODDAMMIT!
LET GO OF
ME!

NO! ALL YOU'RE
GOING TO DO IS GET
YOURSELF KILLED!
YOU CAN'T SAVE HIM
NOW! NOBODY
CAN!



THERE'S
TOO MANY
OF THEM!!



WE'VE GOT TO
GET OUT OF
HERE!! WE'VE
GOT TO LEAVE
HIM!!

OH, GOD!
WE CAN'T
JUST--WE
CAN'T!

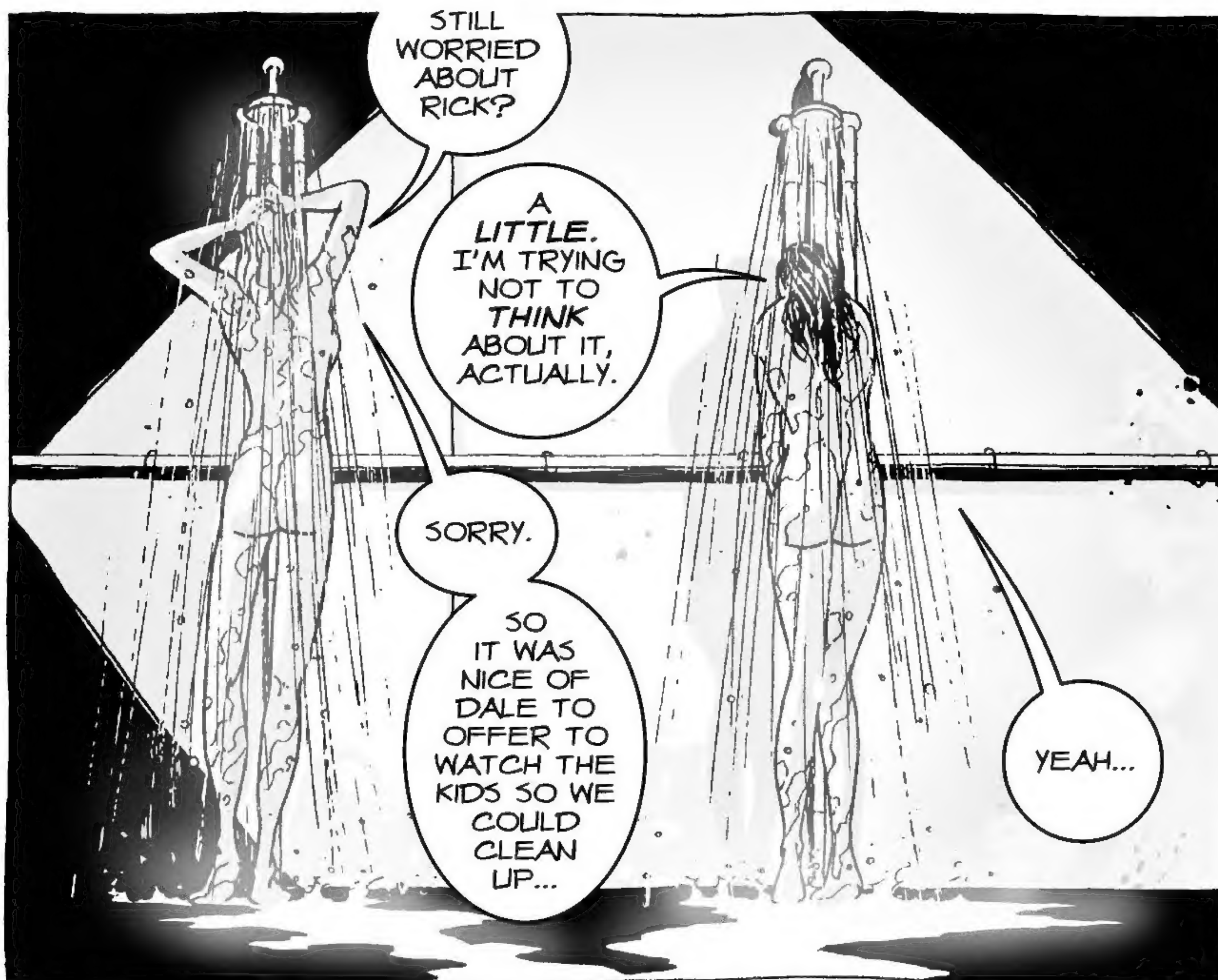
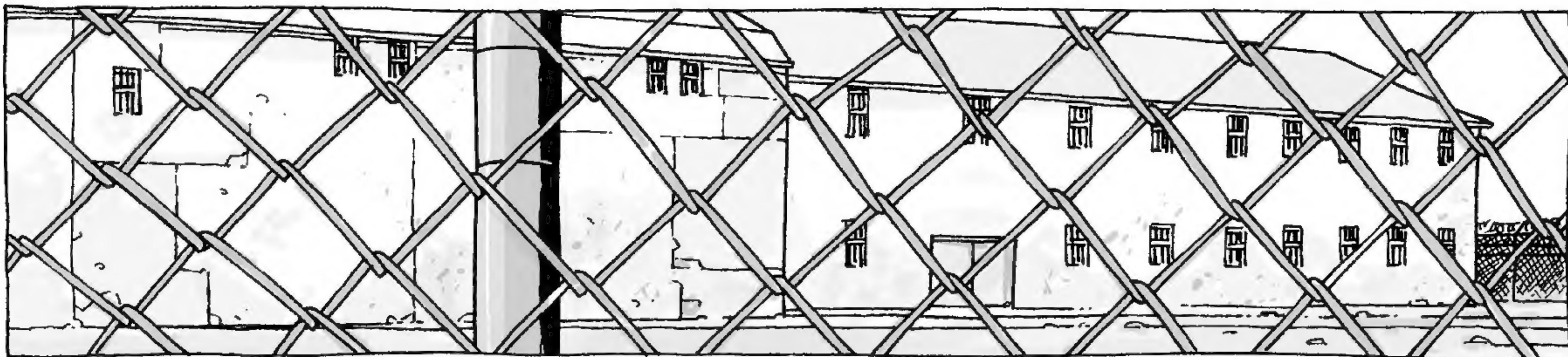


IF WE'RE
GOING TO
GO--IT'S
NOW OR
NEVER!

COME
ON!



WHAT DID
WE DO, GLENN?
WHAT DID WE
JUST DO?





HEH.
HEH.

AXEL,
MAN--WHAT'S
SO **FUNNY**?
TELL ME,
MAN.

WHERE'S **DEX** AT?
YOU GUYS SHOULD
GO TO THE SHOWER
ROOM--GET YOU
AN **EYE FULL**,
YOU FOLLOW
ME?



LORI
AND CAROL
ARE **BOTH** IN
THERE, WET
AND SOAPY.
IT'S A MIGHTY
FINE
SIGHT.



DEXTER'S TAKING
A **WALK**, OR
SOMETHING. HE
SAID HE NEEDED
TO GET SOME **AIR**.
'SIDES, WE DON'T
GO THAT WAY
NO MORE.

NOT
SINCE WE
HOOKED UP,
Y'KNOW.



YOU THINK THAT'S
GONNA **KEEP**,
ANDREW? NOW THAT
WE'RE NOT **ALONE**
IN HERE THAT IS. IF
SO, YOU'RE SETTING
YOURSELF UP
FOR SOME
HEARTBREAK.

YOU
BEST BE
READY FOR
THAT, OR YOU
GET STUCK
HOLDIN' YOUR
DICK.

OL'
DEXTER'LL
BE SWITCHING
SIDES AS SOON
AS HE FINDS HIM
A WOMAN **WILLING**
AND **ABLE**--YOU
FOLLOW
ME?

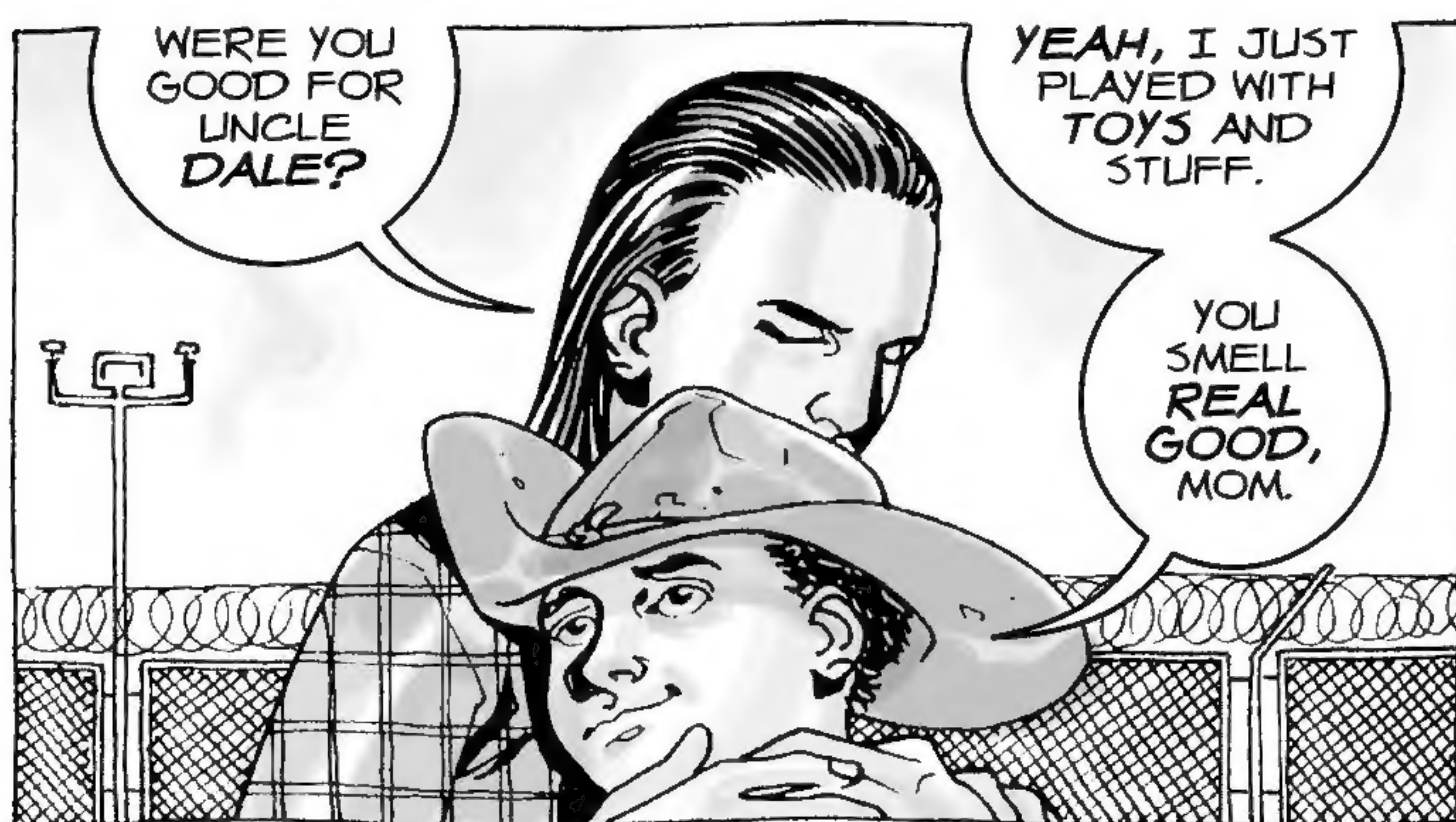
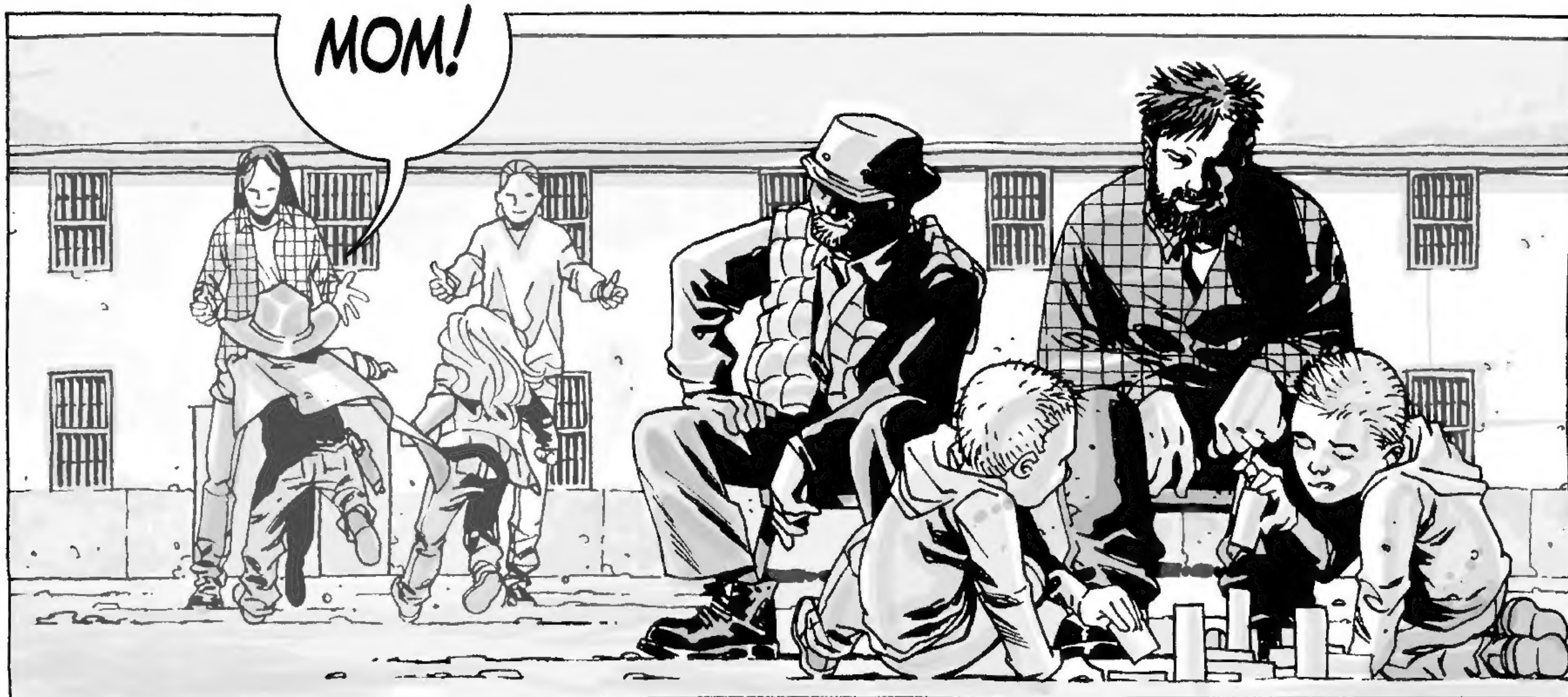


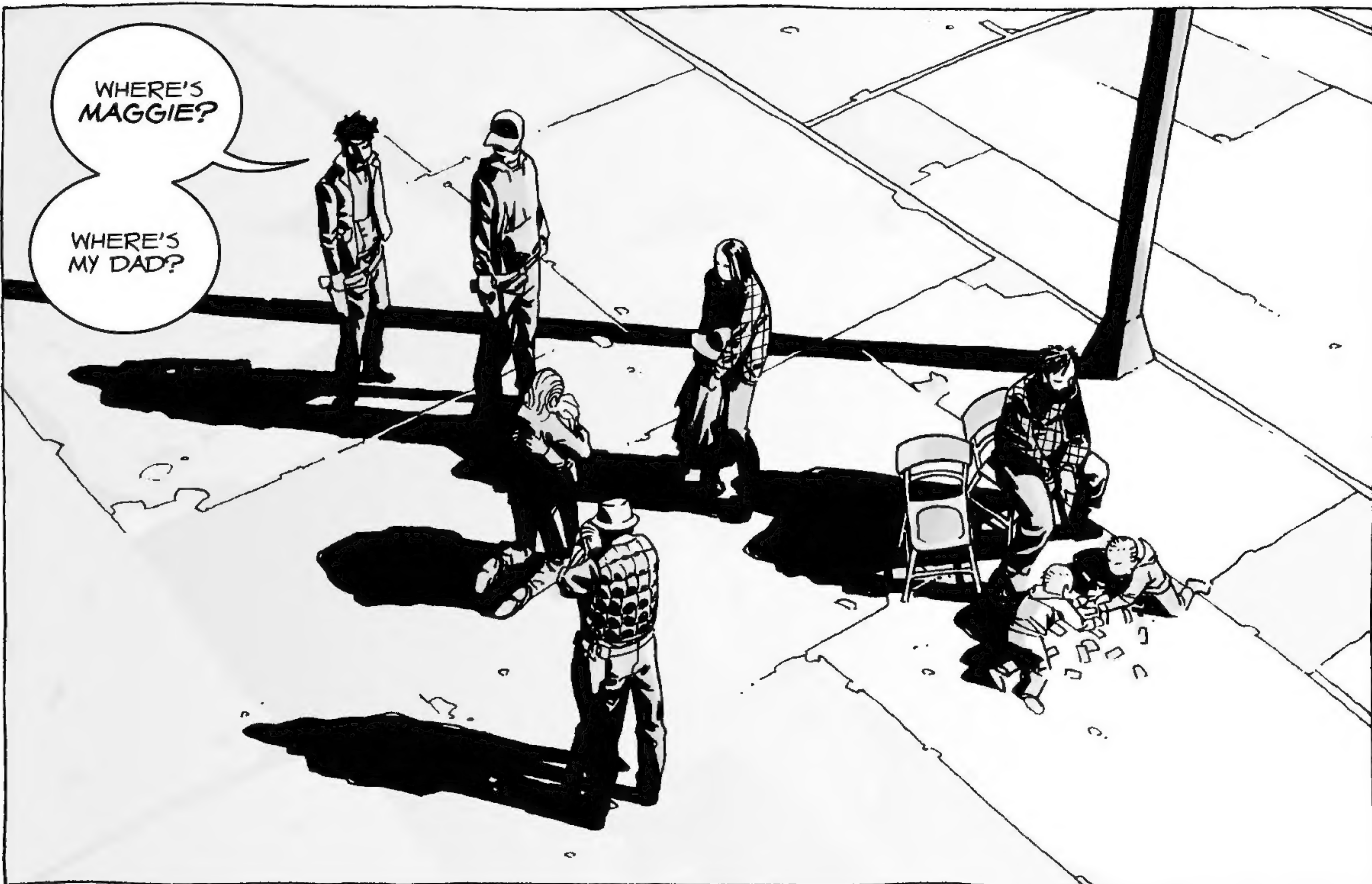
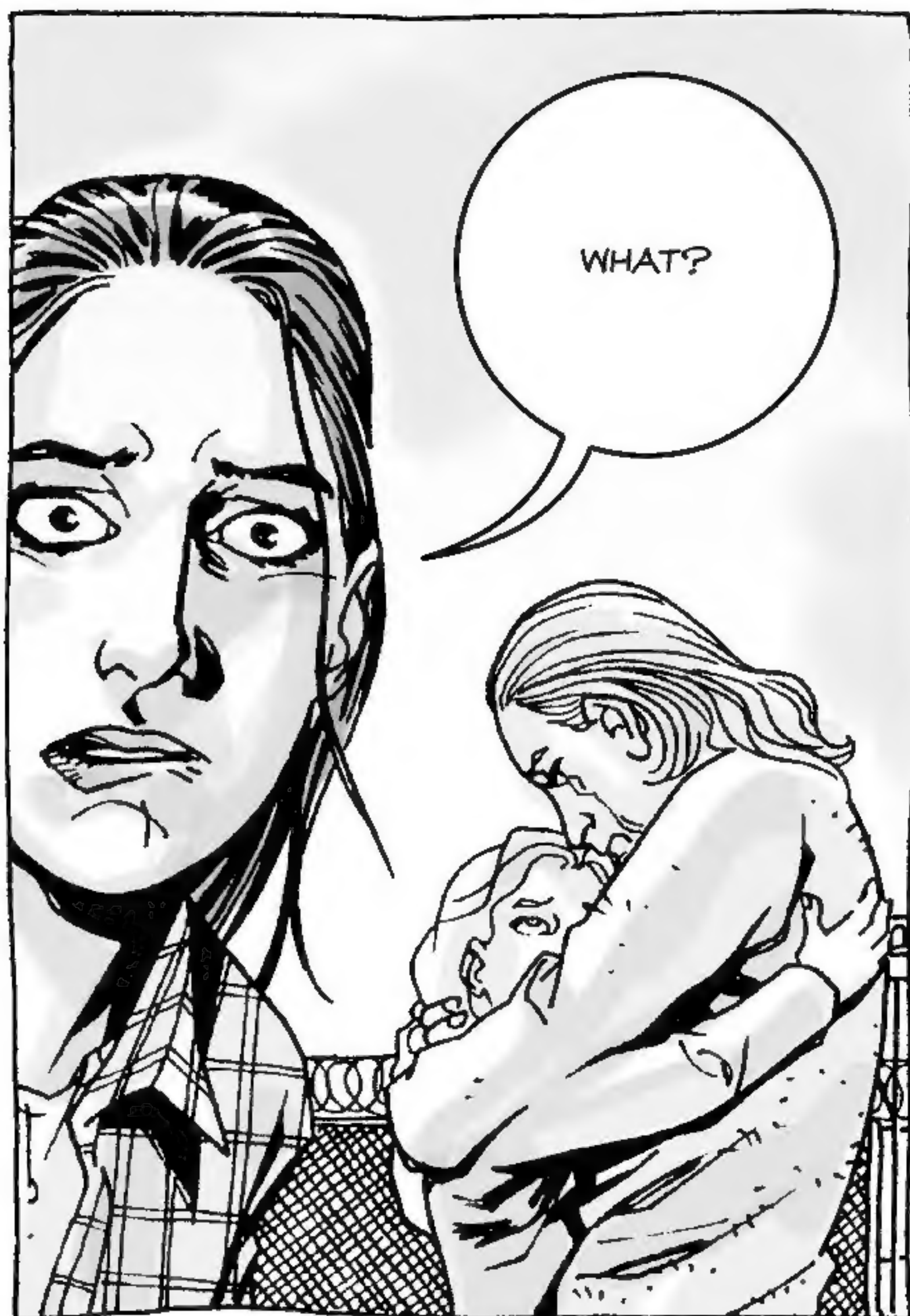
AIN'T
LIKE THAT,
MAN. YOU
DON'T KNOW
WHAT YOU'RE
TALKING
ABOUT.

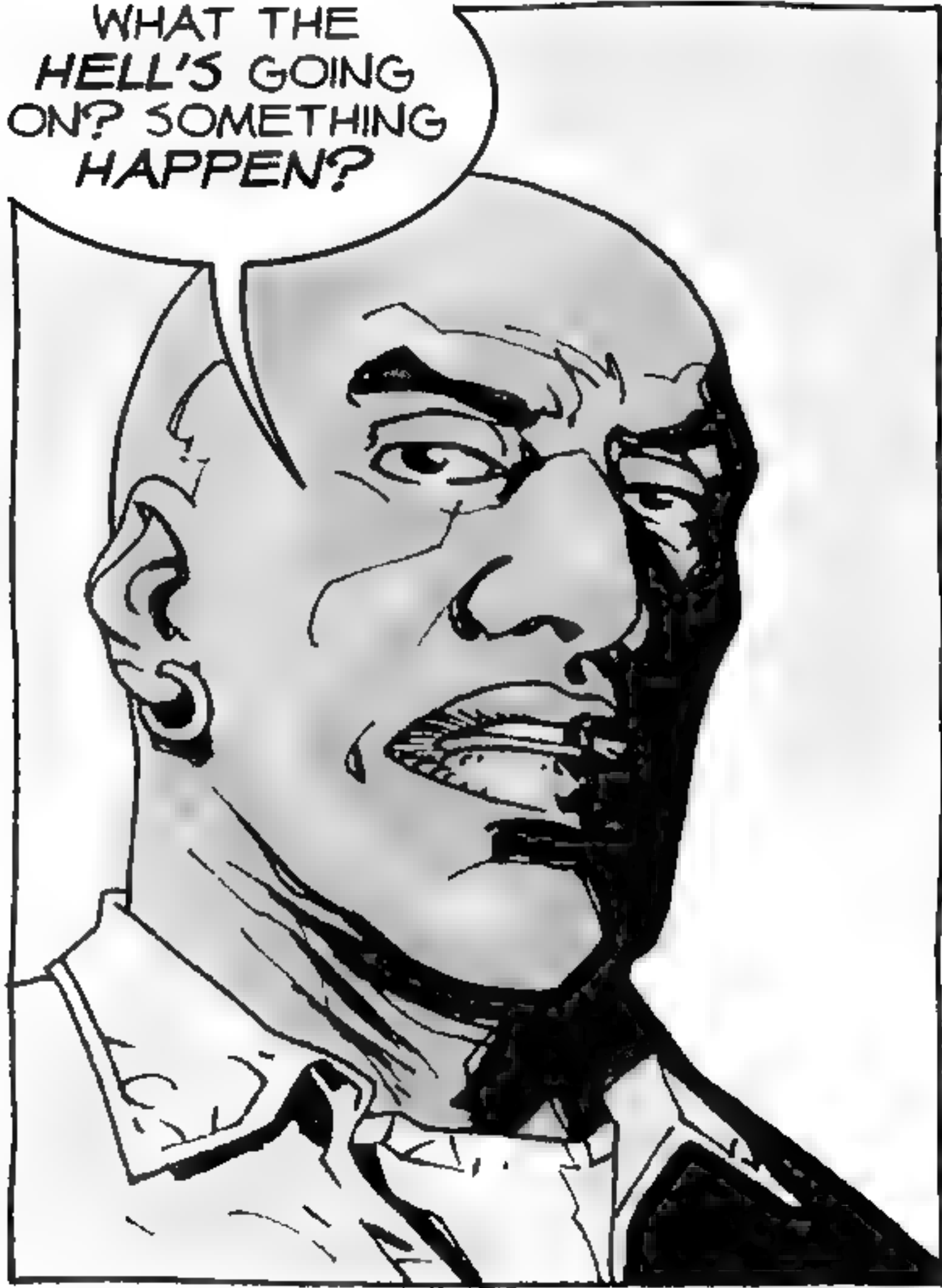


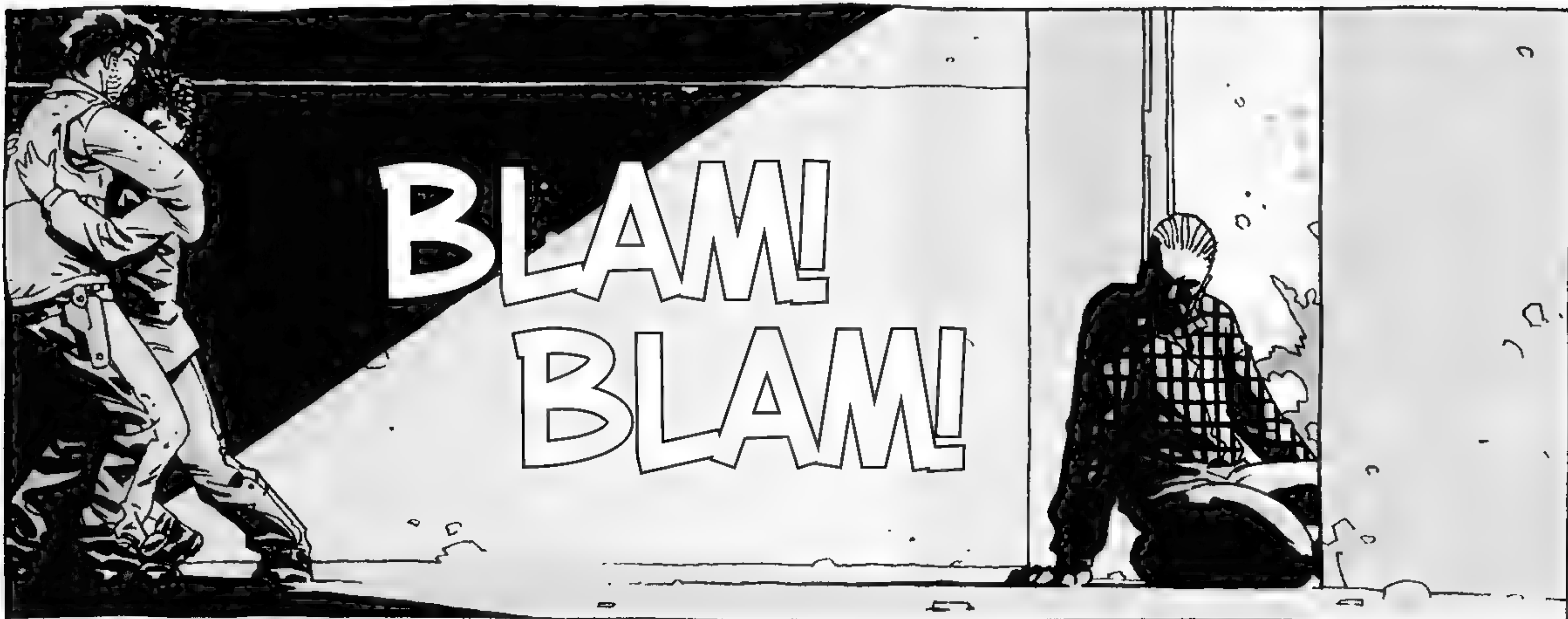
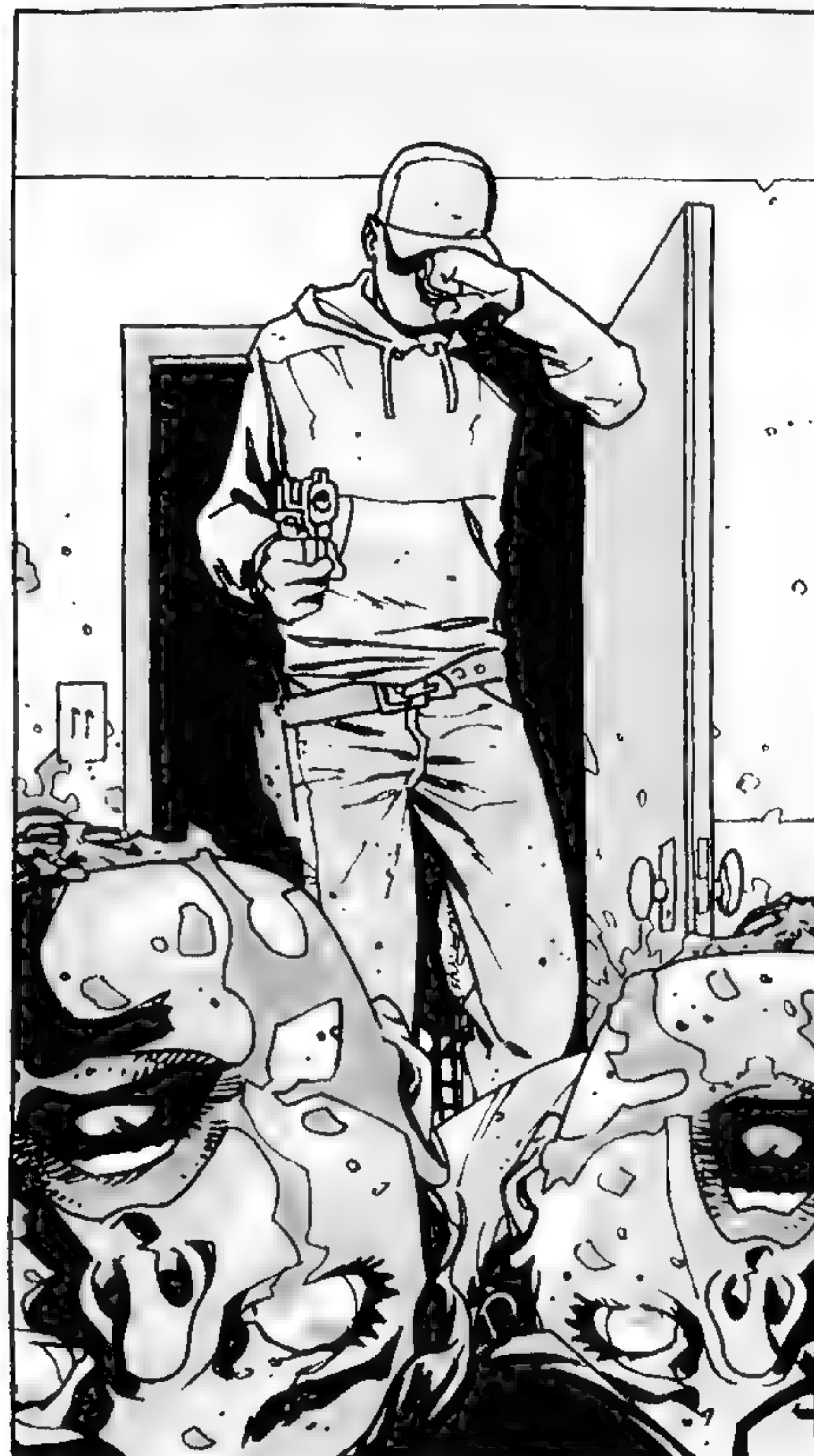
WHATEVER.
YOU'RE KIDDING
YOURSELF AND
YOU'RE MISSING
A **HELLUVA**
SHOW.

I
GOTTA GET
BACK TO MY
CELL BEFORE
I LOSE THIS
MENTAL
IMAGE.











YOU
SICK
FUCK!



DID YOU KILL
THEM? DID YOU
KILL THEM, YOU
MURDERER?!

BEST
GET OUT
OF MY FACE
BEFORE
I--



DON'T
YOU
FUCKING
MOVE.



GET
UP!

WHAT'D
WE DO?
WE DIDN'T
DO
NOTHING!



JUST
GO!

WHERE
WERE YOU
TODAY?!
YOU'RE THE
ONLY ONE WE
KNOW IS
CAPABLE OF
THIS! UNTIL
WE FIND OUT
OTHERWISE--
YOU'RE NOT
LEAVING
THIS CELL.



MIND
TELLING ME
WHAT YOU
THINK I DID,
PSYCHO
BITCH?

LIKE
YOU
DON'T
KNOW.



CHRIST. I WAS GOING TO TAKE CARL'S GUN AWAY TODAY. I THOUGHT WE WERE SAFE. MAYBE IF RACHEL AND SUSIE HAD GUNS...

SOPHIA DOESN'T EVEN KNOW WHAT'S GOING ON. SHE'S--SHE'S SO **CONFUSED** BY ALL THIS **DEATH**, IT'S NOT EVEN REGISTERING THAT TYREESE--

OH, GOD.



THERE, THERE. JUST LET IT OUT. I'M **HERE** FOR YOU, **CAROL**. I'M HERE FOR YOU.



I KNOW YOU ARE. YOU'VE DONE SO MUCH TO HELP US LORI, YOU AND **RICK**...I DON'T KNOW HOW TO **THANK** YOU.



I OWE YOU SO MUCH...



I'M SORRY.

I'M SO SORRY.



IT'S OKAY...IT'S OKAY.

YOU'RE GOING THROUGH A LOT RIGHT NOW. DON'T EVEN **THINK** ABOUT IT.

I'M THE SAME WAY--EVER SINCE I LOST MY SISTER AMY, I JUST HAVE SO MUCH TROUBLE TAKING IT **SERIOUSLY**. SURE, ANOTHER ONE OF US IS **GONE**, OR **TWO**, OR **THREE**...BUT IT'S JUST **DEATH**, Y'KNOW.



I'M **SAD** FOR THEM--I **KNOW** WHAT THEY'RE GOING THROUGH--BUT IT DOESN'T AFFECT **ME** AT ALL. NOW, WE FIND OUT THAT **BLACK BOY** KILLED THE **GIRLS**, AND IT'LL TAKE A LOT TO HOLD ME BACK, BUT OTHER THAN **THAT**... IT'S LIKE I HAVE NO **EMOTION LEFT**... I'VE USED IT ALL UP.

EXACTLY! SEE, WE'RE MEANT FOR EACH OTHER...IN **THIS** WORLD, I MEAN. I DON'T KNOW **WHY** YOU DON'T THINK SO.



WE GET ALONG, **YEAH**-- BUT DO YOU **REALLY** WANT TO SPEND THE **REST** OF YOUR LIFE WITH AN OLD FART LIKE ME?



HOW MANY GOOD YEARS COULD I HAVE LEFT?

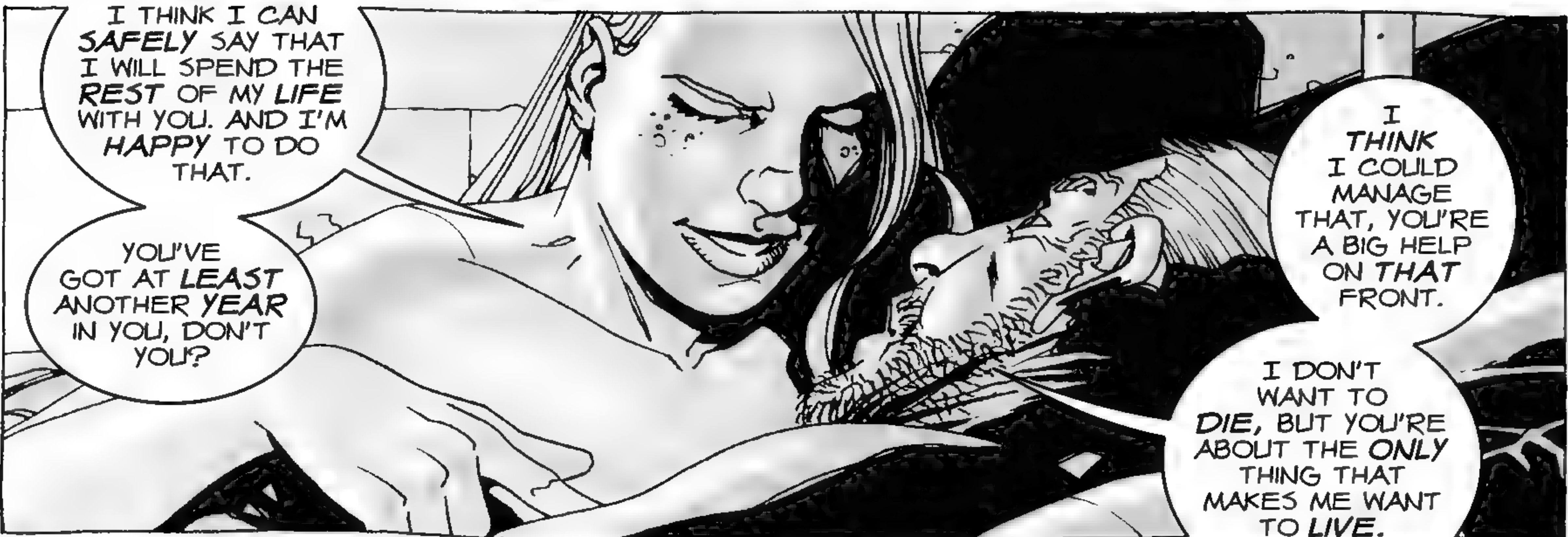
GOOD YEARS? **NONE**. NOBODY HAS ANY GOOD YEARS LEFT. BUT IF YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT **LIFESPAN**... I THINK WE'RE ALL ABOUT **EQUAL**.



WHAT'S THE AVERAGE LIFE SPAN HERE? **SIX MONTHS?** A **YEAR**--HOW LONG COULD WE **POSSIBLY** LAST AT THE RATE WE'RE GOING?

I THINK I CAN **SAFELY** SAY THAT I WILL SPEND THE **REST** OF MY LIFE WITH YOU. AND I'M **HAPPY** TO DO THAT.

YOU'VE GOT AT **LEAST** ANOTHER **YEAR** IN YOU, DON'T YOU?



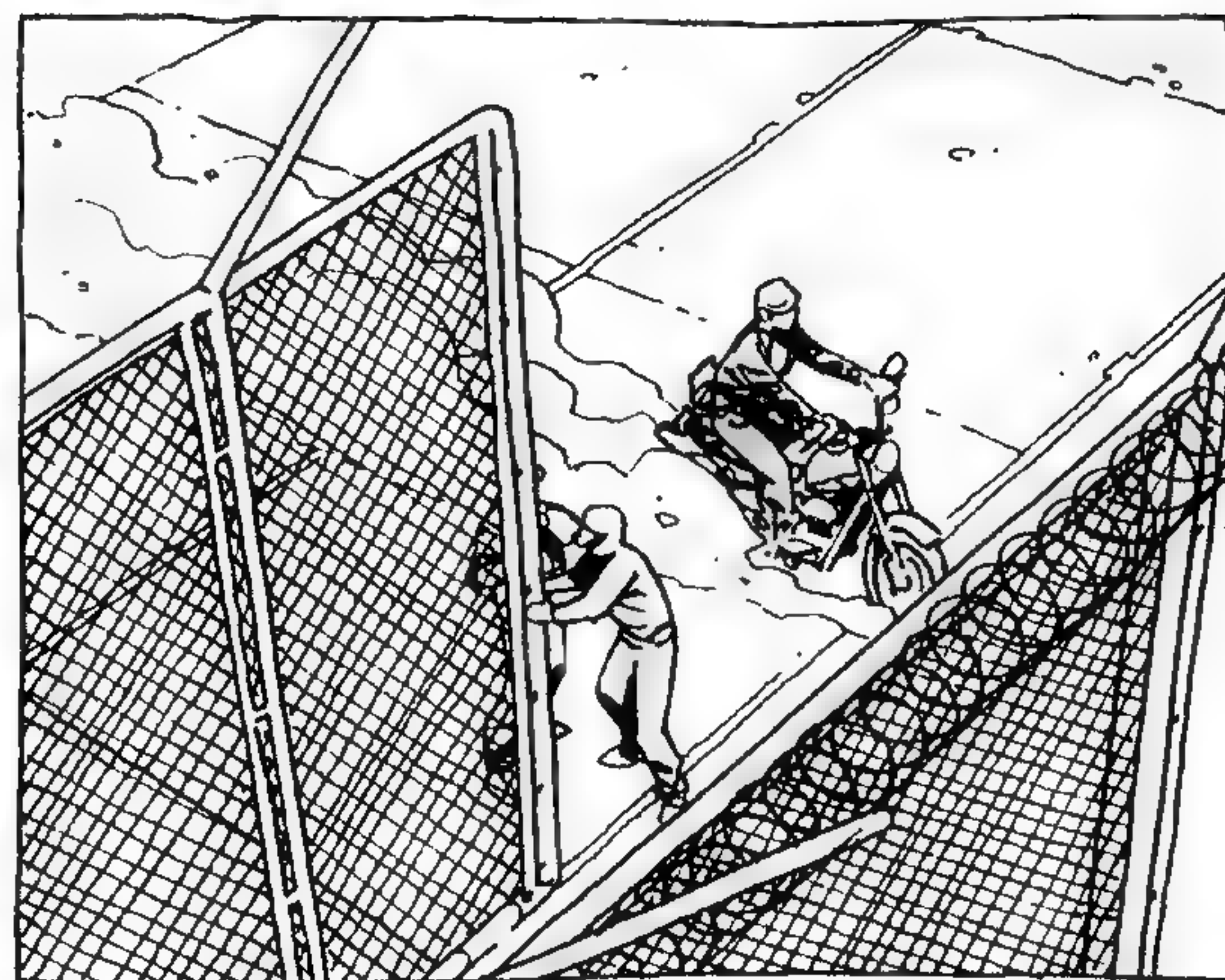
I **THINK** I COULD **MANAGE** THAT, YOU'RE A **BIG** HELP ON **THAT** FRONT.

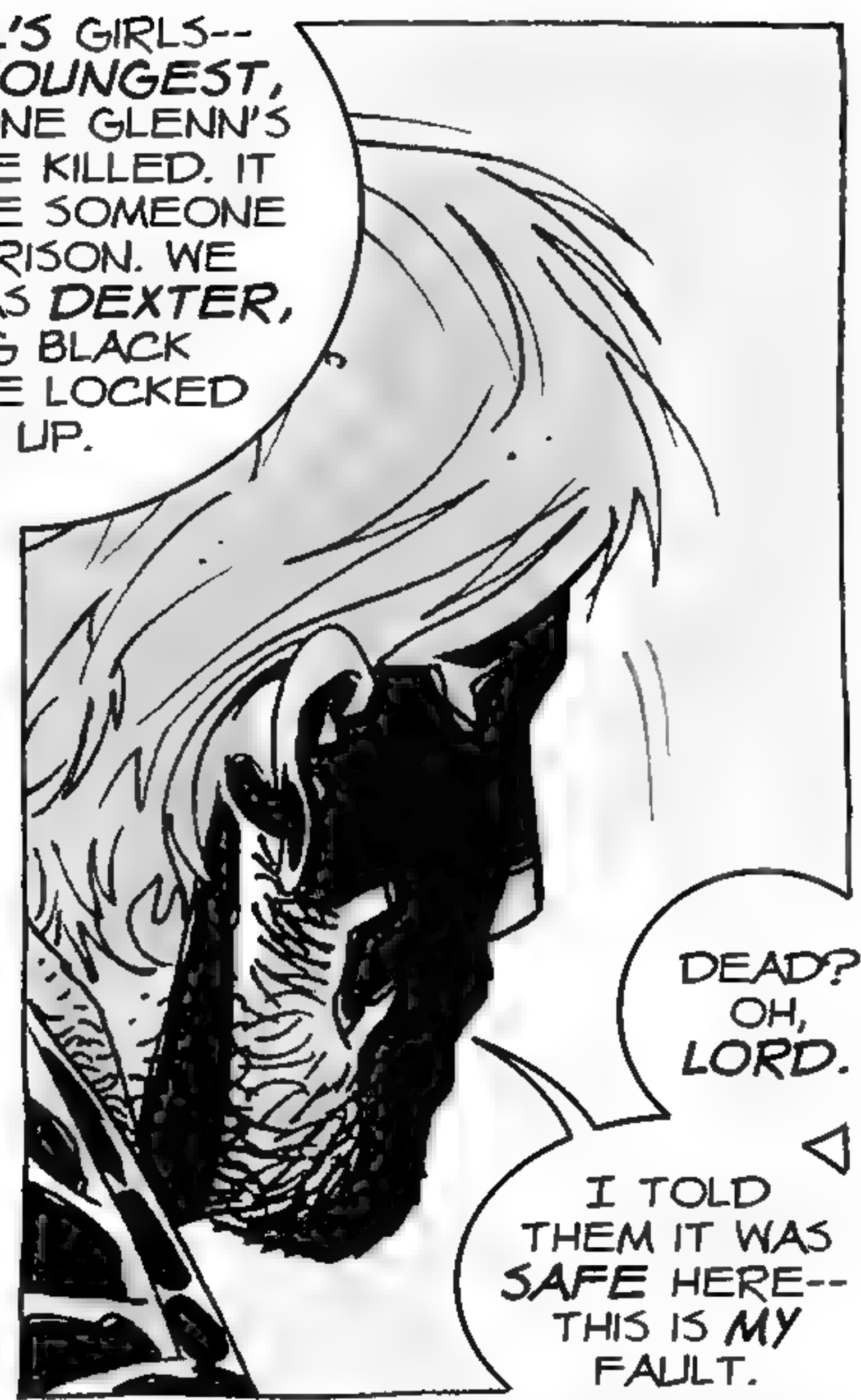
I DON'T WANT TO **DIE**, BUT YOU'RE ABOUT THE **ONLY** THING THAT MAKES ME WANT TO **LIVE**.

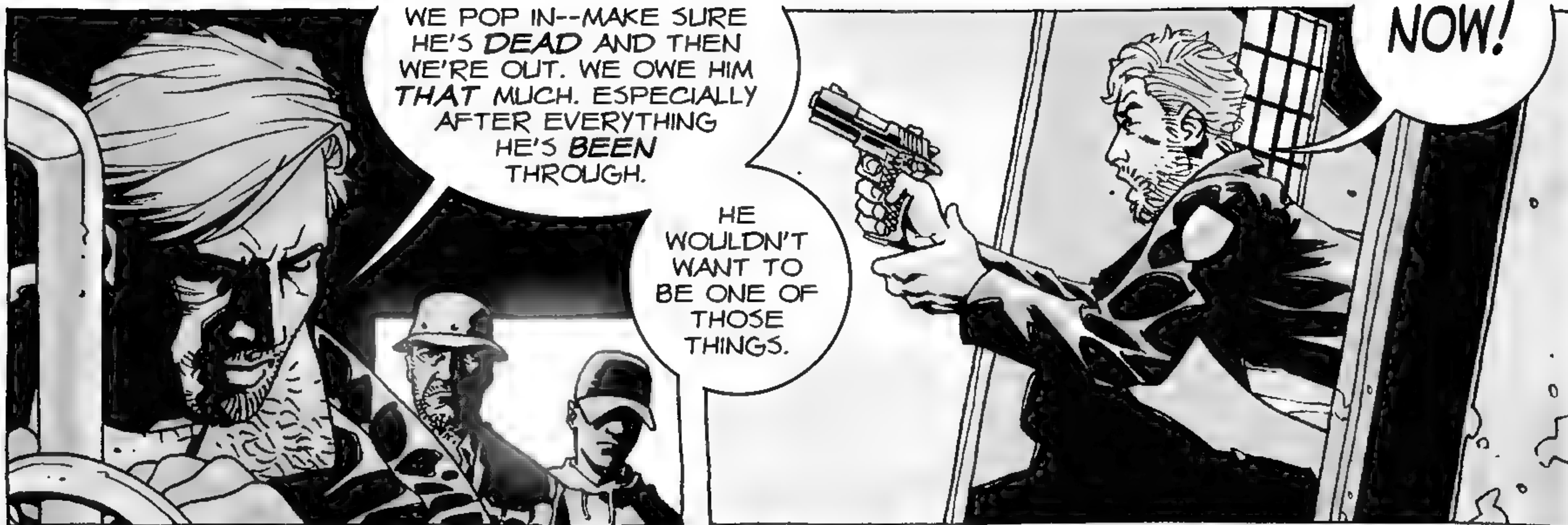
RIGHT BACK AT YOU, **OLD** MAN.

YOU JUST HAD TO GO THAT **ONE** STEP **TOO** FAR.







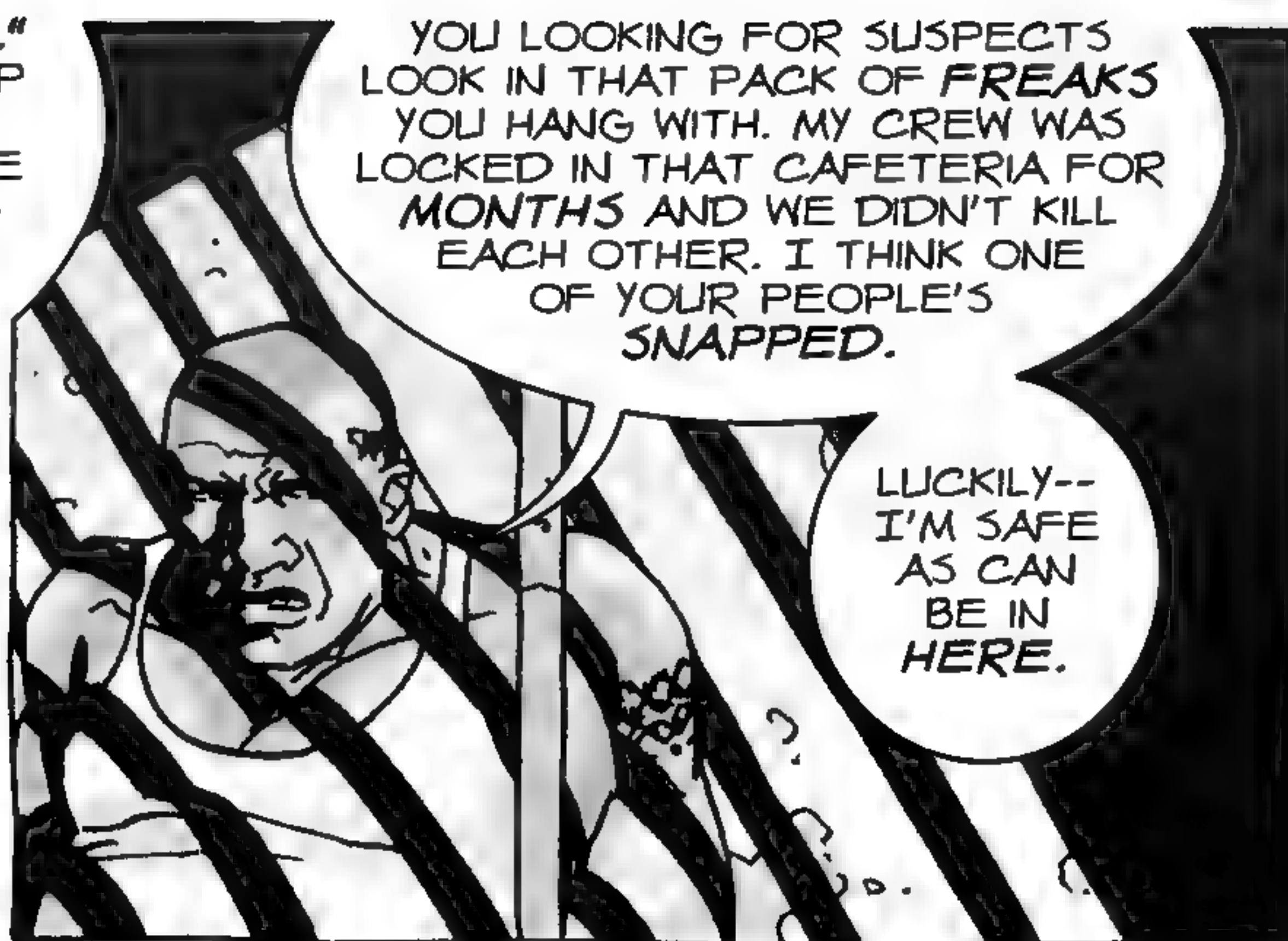






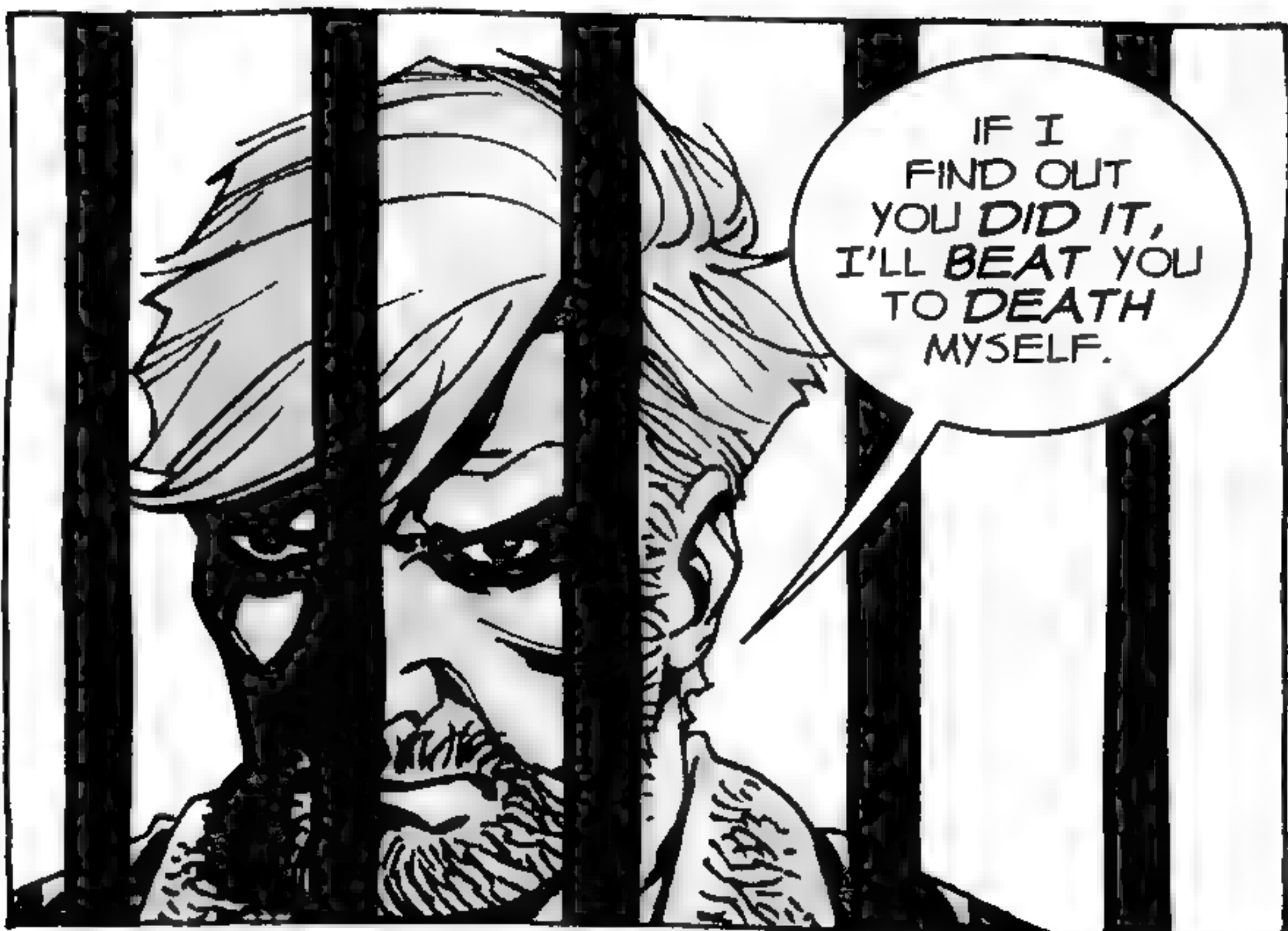
DID YOU DO IT?

FUCK NO, I DIDN'T "DO IT." YOUR *PSYCHO* KNOCKED-UP WIFE LOCKED ME IN HERE BECAUSE I'D DONE MY WIFE AN' HER BOYFRIEND. THING IS, I AIN'T KILLING NO ONE ELSE. HAD MY FILL OF IT, Y'KNOW?



YOU LOOKING FOR SUSPECTS LOOK IN THAT PACK OF *FREAKS* YOU HANG WITH. MY CREW WAS LOCKED IN THAT CAFETERIA FOR MONTHS AND WE DIDN'T KILL EACH OTHER. I THINK ONE OF YOUR PEOPLE'S *SNAPPED*.

LUCKILY-- I'M SAFE AS CAN BE IN HERE.



IF I FIND OUT YOU *DID IT*, I'LL *BEAT* YOU TO DEATH MYSELF.



YOU CAN'T TALK TO ME LIKE THAT. COME ON THE OTHER SIDE A' THEM *BAR*S, COUNTRY BOY.

I DARE YOU.



YOU'RE ALL FUCKING *CRAZY*--EVERY LAST ONE OF YOU.

LOCK THAT DAMN DOOR ON YOUR WAY OUT.

BUT WE
DON'T WANT
YOU TO DIE,
DADDY.

PLEASE
DON'T
DIE.

I'M SORRY, BOYS.
THAT'S JUST HOW
IT IS. THERE'S
NOTHING YOU
CAN DO ABOUT
IT. AND STOP
CRYING.

DEATH IS A PART
OF YOUR LIVES NOW.
YOUR MOTHER **DIED**,
THOSE GIRLS **DIED**,
TYREESE'S
DAUGHTER AND
HER
BOYFRIEND...



WE'RE ALL GOING TO DIE.
WE HAVE TO GET USED TO
THAT. WE HAVE TO BE OKAY
WITH THAT--WE HAVE TO
EXPECT IT, WELCOME IT.
BECAUSE IF WE DON'T--
IT WILL HURT US...
A LOT.

AND
YOU DON'T
WANT IT TO
HURT.



HERSHEL,
I--



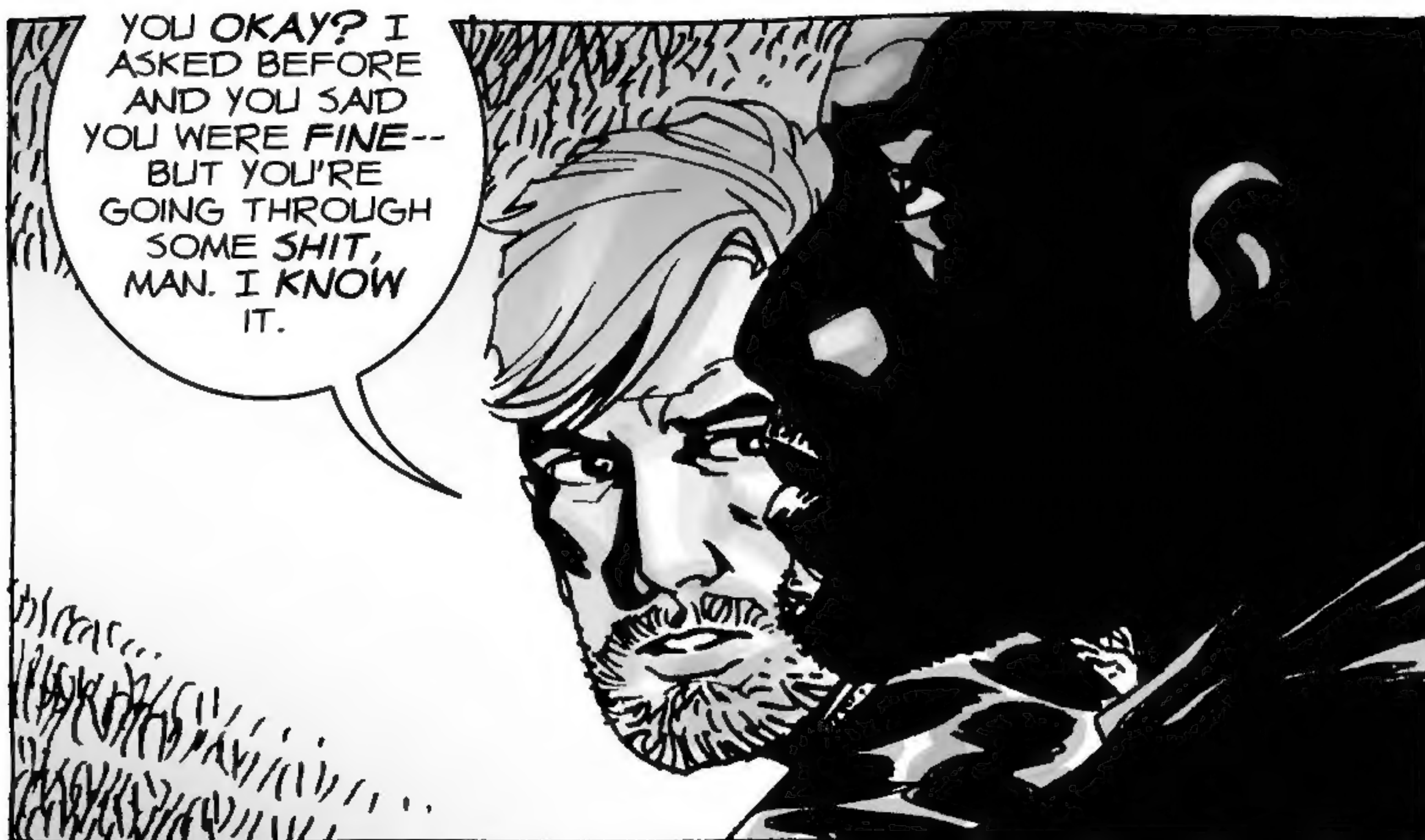
I'M
SORRY.





HOW THE HELL DID YOU **SURVIVE** THAT, TYREESE? YOU FOUGHT YOUR WAY THROUGH **DOZENS** OF THOSE THINGS WITH A **HAMMER**?

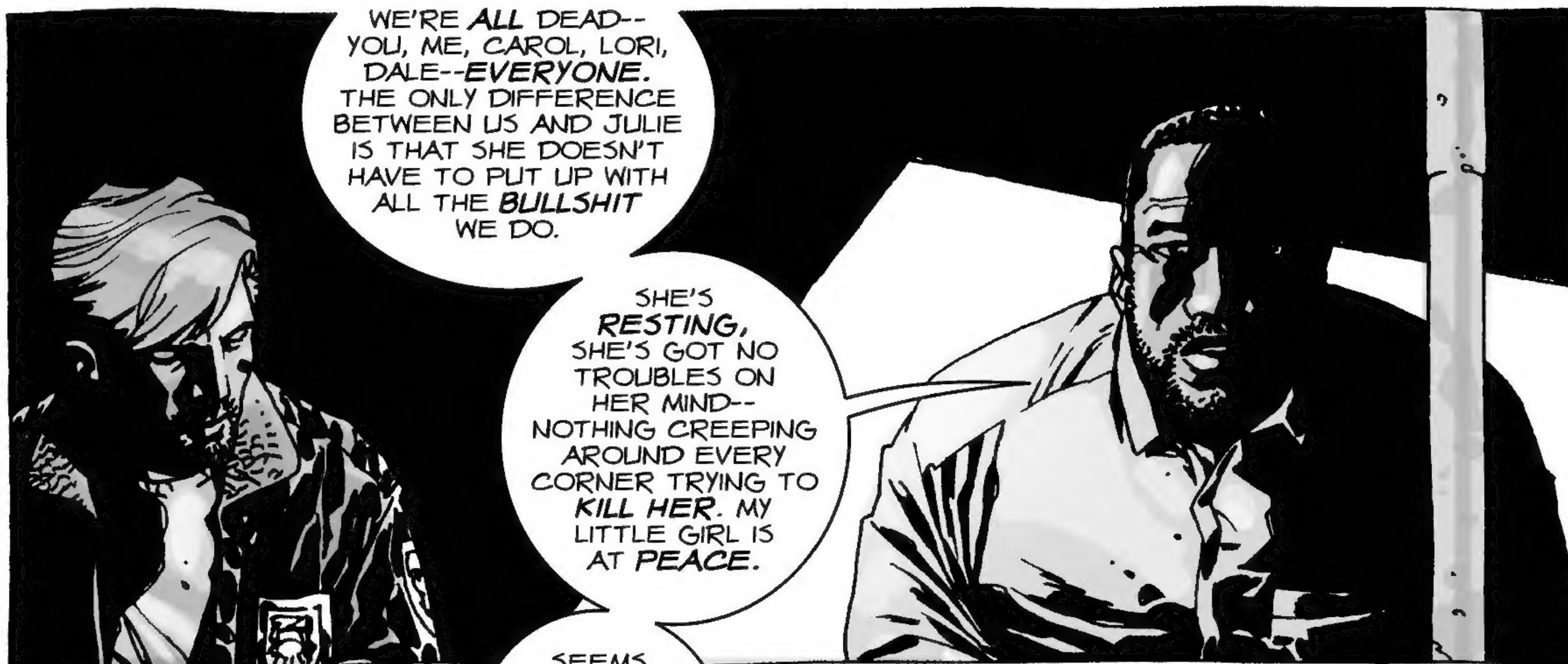
I **BARELY** REMEMBER-- THAT WHOLE DAY SEEMS LIKE A **DREAM** TO ME. I REMEMBER IT HAPPENING, BUT IT'S LIKE I WAS SEEING IT FROM **OUTSIDE** MY BODY.



YOU OKAY? I ASKED BEFORE AND YOU SAID YOU WERE **FINE**-- BUT YOU'RE GOING THROUGH SOME **SHIT**, MAN. I KNOW IT.



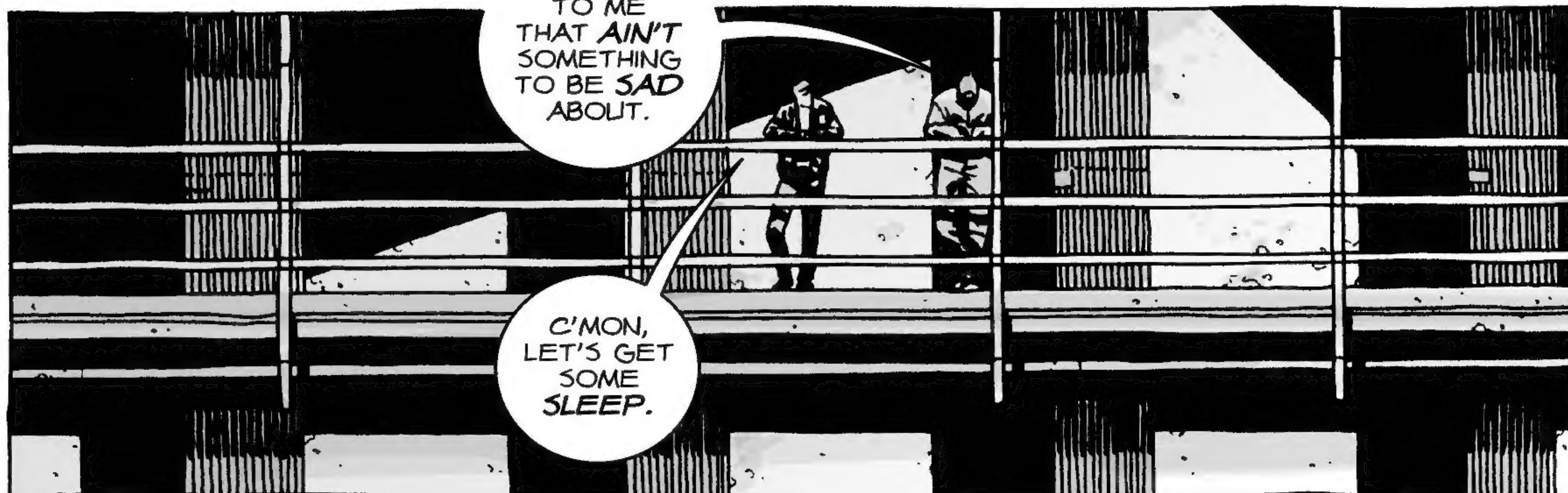
SHE'S **DEAD**, RICK. MY DAUGHTER IS DEAD... BUT YOU KNOW WHAT? WE ALL ARE.



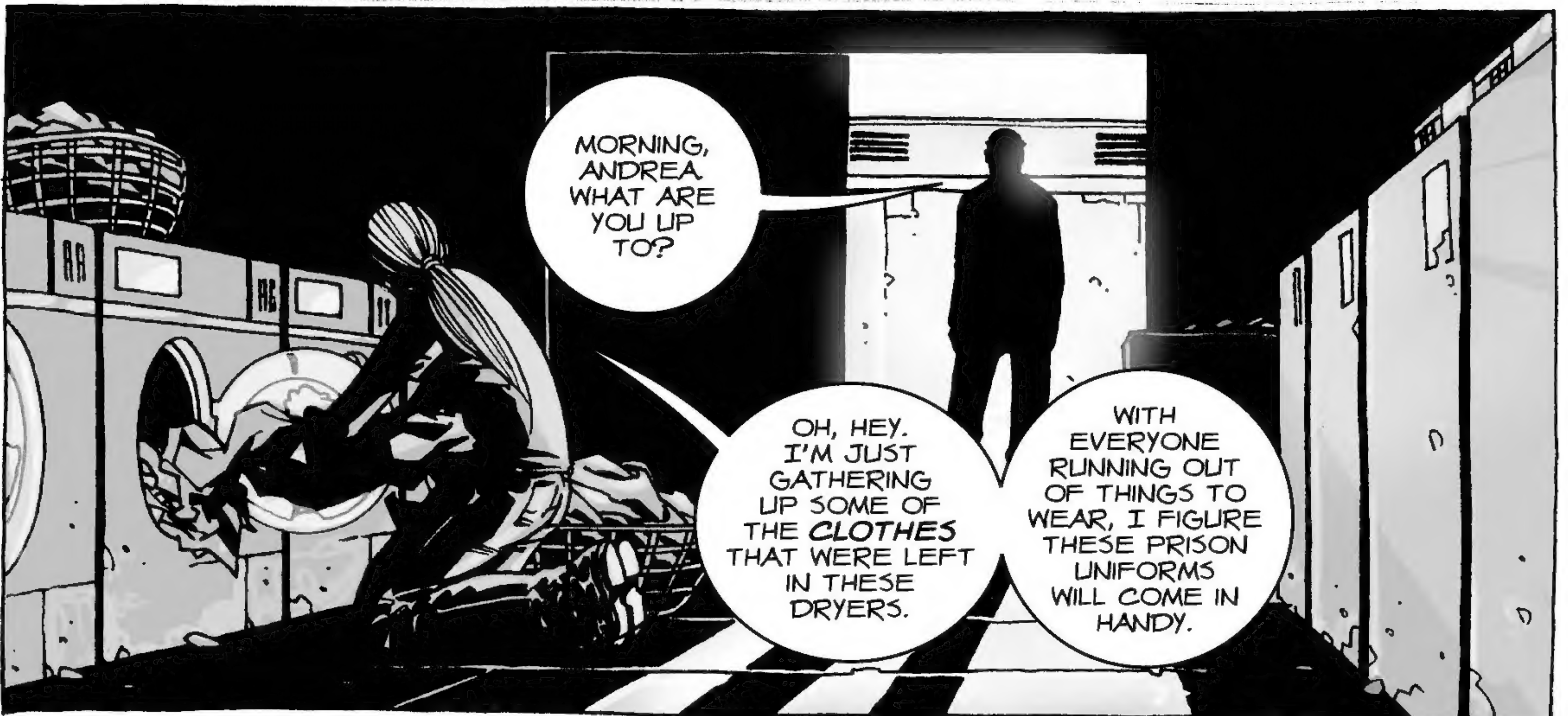
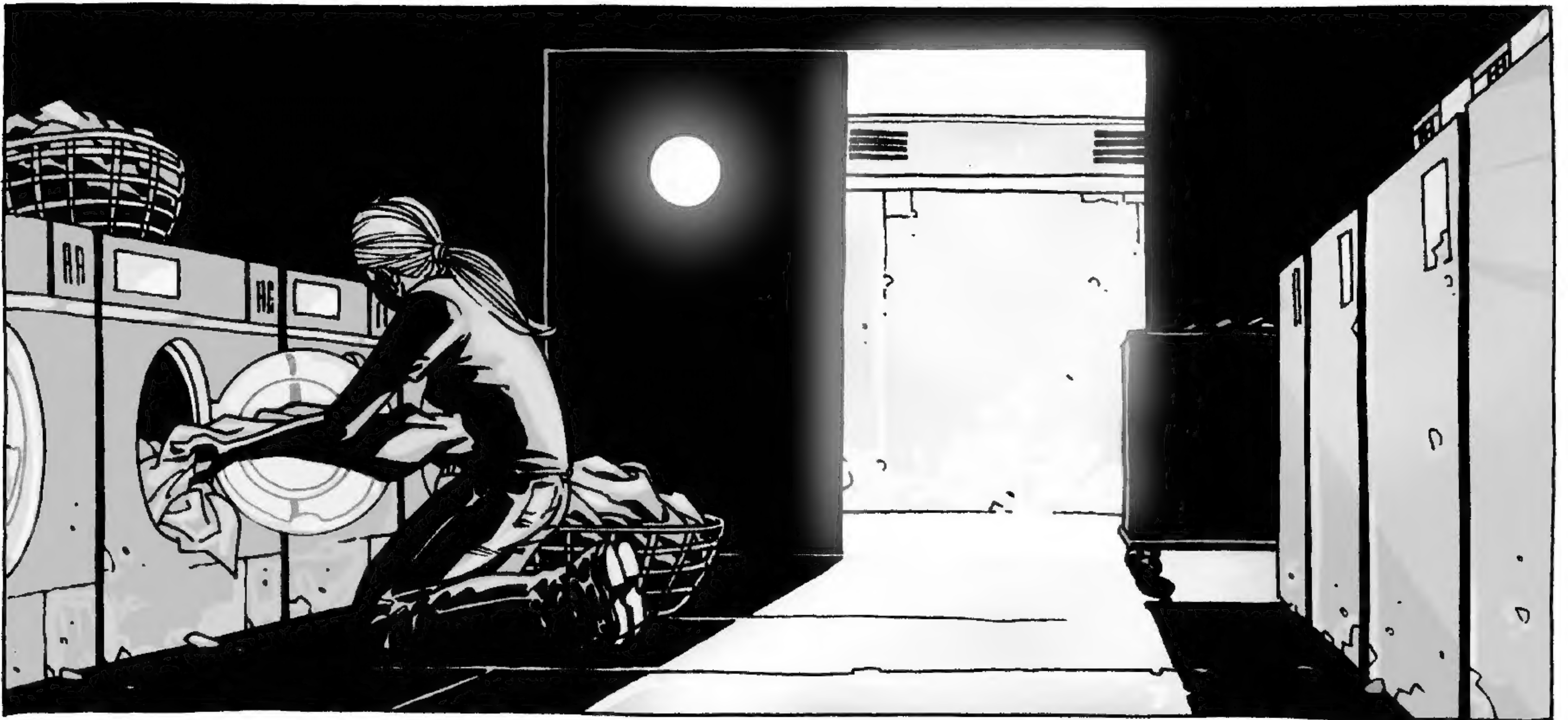
WE'RE **ALL** DEAD-- YOU, ME, CAROL, LORI, DALE--**EVERYONE**. THE ONLY DIFFERENCE BETWEEN US AND JULIE IS THAT SHE DOESN'T HAVE TO PUT UP WITH ALL THE **BULLSHIT** WE DO.

SHE'S **RESTING**, SHE'S GOT NO TROUBLES ON HER MIND-- NOTHING CREEPING AROUND EVERY CORNER TRYING TO **KILL HER**. MY LITTLE GIRL IS AT **PEACE**.

SEEMS TO ME THAT **AIN'T** SOMETHING TO BE **SAD** ABOUT.



C'MON, LET'S GET SOME **SLEEP**.



MORNING,
ANDREA.
WHAT ARE
YOU UP
TO?

OH, HEY.
I'M JUST
GATHERING
UP SOME OF
THE **CLOTHES**
THAT WERE LEFT
IN THESE
DRYERS.

WITH
EVERYONE
RUNNING OUT
OF THINGS TO
WEAR, I FIGURE
THESE PRISON
UNIFORMS
WILL COME IN
HANDY.



IF I HURRY I'LL BE
ABLE TO GET THESE
TO **LORI** IN TIME FOR
THE MORNING WASH.
WE COULD ALL HAVE
A CHANGE OF
CLOTHES BY
MIDDAY.

DO
YOU
WANT TO
HELP?



NOT
PARTICULARLY,
NO.



WELL, THOMAS...
IF YOU'RE NOT
GOING TO **HELP**,
WHY'D YOU COME
DOWN HERE?



SO I
COULD
CUT OFF
YOUR
HEAD.



EMPIRE